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THE ITALIANS AND THEIR TASK.

(From the Weekly News.)

The Italians are gathering the last of the fruits that sprang from the Medici stem. Those tyrants, misallied benefactors, who reared their power like a triumphal column, and with chains of gold fettered Italy at their feet, seduced their country by her love of the lovely arts; and now, amid her ashes, she is repenting that sad infatuation. Ever since the hour which saw the cities of the Peninsula falling under the sway of rich and sumptuous families, a hierarchy, in alliance with a band of regal Germans, has pillaged and oppressed the nation. Foreigners and priests have prospered, courts have become opulent, and travellers still admire the ruined and fragmentary beauty of former generations; but all that made Italy glorious is gone—the power of Venice, and the statelyness of Rome; the pride of Genoa, and the freedom of the Florentines—the liberty that made them noble, the arts that gave them renown, the commerce that enriched their ports, and the industry that covered their plains and the slopes of their hills with factories, granaries, and vineyards—all is gone, except the hope of the people and the dull mercenaries of oppression, is sought to be cast away. Arid wastes and marshes exist where once the fertile land was bright with harvests, and grass springs up in the streets of cities that once roared with traffic; the ports of Italy are half deserted; nearly all her manufactures have fallen into the hands of strangers; all public places are filled either by despicable Germans, by cunning priests, or by sordid apostates from the national cause, who take care to revenge the contempt they endure, from themselves as well as from others, upon the unhappy, helpless population.

In this state Italy has been during many years. Only one feeling has sustained her people in the midst of her afflictions. Under the foot of the Pope and his college of sardonic impostors; under the savage arm of the Austrian Emperor and his satellites, the marshals who have gained their titles by massacres of women and infants; under the scowl of a prince who revives at Naples the ferocity of the Spanish Philip; under the weight of an army which France treacherously and vilely sent to crush a people whom her example had incited to insurrection; and with only the flickering light of Piedmont to encourage them, the Italians are prepared for a new conflict that may finally settle the long account between them and their enemies. From this strong resolution they have never swerved. It may suit the purposes of men who profit by their oppression to say that this movement results from the conspiracy of a restless faction; if it were so that faction would be the flower of the Italian race, the friends of a people too corrupted to be true to themselves; but in Italy this is not true. Macchiavelli, in his eloquent and manly way, told the nation that it would never again be secure and powerful, unless it united with a common watchword, and symbols obeyed by all. All the poets of the land have rung with the same thought in their minds. All the cities, which do not overflow with the scum of Europe, and with those abandoned Greeks who practice the trade of Pandarus, and disgrace their nationality everywhere, have joined in fiery displays of the universal feeling; and our own Government, when it had a purpose to serve has not scrupled to declare that Italy was threatened with a general rising of its inhabitants. What did Sir Hamilton Seymour tell the Czar, but that under the empire South of Europe lay a volcano, ready, at any signal, to shatter and level the maps of sacerdotal and kingly institutions. It is impossible, therefore, with any chance of being believed, to represent the emotions of Italy as the work of a limited faction. It is the work of centuries, of a deep-rooted and prevailing faith, of an innate and natural desire in the heart of a courageous people to appear once more and take an independent share in the fortunes of the epoch on which we are now about to enter. That is the tone of feeling in Italy, and one of the great events which may proceed from the present war, is the general ebullition of this insurrectionary element; the destruction of the Pope's temporal power; the expulsion of Austrian armies and bureaucracies beyond the Alps; and the union of the Italians, if not into a single State, at least into a magnificent confederacy, to defend the soil against those wretched hussar-mongers of the German race who have polluted it so long.

We have now an instance, however, of the method in which professed politicians deal with the hopes and rights of millions of men. Great Britain, acting through her Cabinet, would no more hesitate, if Austria were to cease from her intrigues, and gallantly take up arms in favour of a German policy, to join with her in repressing the national tendencies of Italy. On the other hand, if the Austrians pursue their habitual course of fraud and treason; if they hold the Principality to prevent the Turks from recovering them; if, next spring, they decline all further concealment, and allow their hatred of us and our institutions to influence their conduct, what do the Western Powers say? Why, they would have no scruple? They would use the arms ready to strike in their behalf, and Austria might be dismembered and paralysed before her standard had advanced a hundred miles on the Russian road.

This may be a prudent line for statesmen to choose. It is the office of cold diplomacy. There is no sentiment in politics; but the Italians are not to be blamed if they refuse to become either toys or tools in the grasp of more fortunate nations. Their task is the deliverance of their country from its alien oppressors. They understand clearly that we, in England, stand in relation to them; if Austria deserts us, our ministers will say, "Italians, rise in arms, you have a just cause, and England, which is the supreme asylum of liberty, and which upholds the cause of liberty in all parts of the world, will aid you, will guarantee you; will write your name on the map of the future Europe." But, if Austria quits us, between Great Britain and France, a patchwork treaty advantageous to herself, lenient to Russia, and damaging to the Turks, we shall say to these Italians, "You are deluded by factions; you are charmed by a vision. The thought of Italian unity is a poetical spell, never to be realised; endeavour therefore to conciliate the Government of Austria; revive your industry, and, in quietude and prudence, prepare for those happier times which no doubt Providence has yet in store for you."

This is the language we have always held; and, we repeat, it would be surprising if statesmen, responsible for the exercise of their power, were to adopt more heroic maxims of policy; but we also insist that the Italians have a perfect right to pursue that course which appears likely to deliver them most speedily from the impoverishing and degrading despotism to which they are now subjected. As a nation they are now lost to Europe, and ought not to be so. No advantage results to civilisation from the Austrian rule. It only debases the people, enlivens their minds, keeps them perpetually on the verge of rebellion, and neu-

tralises the influence of that rising intelligence which, by means of literature, is now spreading like a new morning light over those parts of Europe where the press is free.

We are not called upon, unless of our own free will, to render any assistance to Italy. But we have no right to asperse every man who, as an Italian, thinks that a people, with such a history, should not form a provincial population in an empire of German barbarism, slavish, unmanly, and lost in military glitter, or metaphysical fog. M. Mazzini has written a letter of remonstrance, as full of reason as of passion, to the Helvetic confederation. Every word of it applies also to us. The Italians do not, in the mendicant tone adopted by men of another nationality, implore our subsidies or our contingents. But they assert the first of human rights,—to live, and be independent of Germans.

FOREIGN PARTIES.

(From the Times.)

For many years past—in point of fact, since the declaration of war by France against England in 1793—this country has been exposed to much obloquy from two very different classes of politicians. The extreme partisans of legitimacy and despotic government have scarcely ever ceased to revile us as the propagandists of disorder. On the other hand, the ultra-liberals, whether the Carbonari of Italy, the Red Republicans of France, or the Magyar followers of Kossuth in Hungary, have in the hour of their defeat continually fastened the blame of their overthrow upon the selfish policy of English statesmen. Polignac and Caussidiere, Felix Schwarzenberg and Kossuth, have at least been unanimous upon this point. If a King was in peril, an English line-of-battle ship would have saved his throne, and that line-of-battle ship was not despatched. If an emperor was just upon the point of failure, why, said the others, did not the English Ministry send a company of infantry to display the national banner? That was all that would have been requisite to raise the nations of the earth, and bury the despots under the ruins of their own thrones. Do what we could—act or refrain from action—whenever political parties disagreed on the continent, and one got beaten, England—the only spot in Europe to which the fugitives could retire for safety—was the remote, if not the immediate cause, of their calamity. Now, we cannot but think that if those animated politicians who have been so free, not to say so unparagoning, of their censures upon our unfortunate countrymen, had but held the balance with a somewhat firmer hand, they would have seen that England cannot interfere upon petty occasions in the affairs of Europe. We cannot advance and recede, demand and hesitate, promise and deny. If we interfere at all, we have no alternative between that of procuring instant submission and a general European war. There has been no little confusion of ideas upon this subject, and that from an abuse of phrases. Our statesmen have been asked for "moral" support, but moral support is not a weapon contained in the armoury of an executive Minister. He is at his post to act, not to feel. The nation alone can give moral support—that is, sympathy, good will, kind thoughts, and kind words. The fact, however, is, that they who have asked for the moral support of England have, in reality, intended Ministerial or diplomatic declarations, which, coming from such a quarter, must necessarily be complied with or enforced. An English Minister cannot threaten, save in cases where he means to enforce his threat. He must make no Chinese demonstrations; he is restrained, because he is bound by his slightest word. Hence it comes that our great officers of word, hence it comes that our wisely so-called moral support is, in reality, a moral support. We may add that the rule has never been transgressed without our having ample cause to regret the inadvertence which did not shrink from involving the honour of England, in order that a sentence might be pointed in a despatch, or a cheer be elicited from the thick and thin partitions of an idea. Englishmen, on the other hand, have not been slow to give moral support, properly so called, to any cause in which their feelings or sympathies were really interested. The evidence, however, of this, must not be sought for in the records of Parliament and in the blue books of our diplomatists, but at our public meetings, in the columns of the press, in the publications of our leading writers, in the songs of our poets, in the sketches of our caricaturists; in fact, in every quarter where the pulsation of a nation's heart may be felt. From this, however, to active interference there is a great step. England should only act at a great crisis in the world's history, and then in a manner worthy of her own position and of the importance of the cause. Those who have accused us of holding back should look to what is passing in the Black Sea at the present moment, and ask themselves if action of that kind can be called into play, save for the most momentous cause, without rendering the habitable globe one large battle-field, and entailing endless misery upon mankind.

It is not for a slight cause that six hundred ships, freighted with the disciplined valour of the picked troops of France and England, have been directed against the stronghold of that Sovereign who is the incarnate principle of despotic government. The operation is one which will modify history, either by its own success or by the success of others which will follow upon it, should the present attack, contrary to reasonable expectations, be frustrated. France and England, once fairly roused into action, will not be balked of their purpose; and that purpose is to take ample security that the semi-barbarian power of the Russian Czar shall no longer disturb the tranquillity of Europe. We are not answerable for the remote effects of a policy which has been forced upon us, although we know well that those effects must be upon the policy of nations. It is, however, a course of action which will do more to free the nations of Europe from the stern thralldom in which they have been held since 1815 than all the desultory risings of self-styled patriots in the various countries of Europe. When their masters can no longer rely upon the bayonets of a foreign supporter, they must learn to rely upon the hearts of their own subjects, or prepare for a conflict in which their weakness will be brought face to face with the strength of a gigantic opponent. The defeat of the Czar means the inauguration of a more liberal policy than has yet prevailed from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, or a page in history the like of which is not yet contained in the annals of Europe. England, then, has struck her blow at last. If her strength has not been put forth in a manner to gain the applause of the distempered fanatics who have caused precious blood to flow like water in cases where the sacrifice could be of no avail, at least her present interference is marked by three qualities which will commend it to the applause of rational men. In the first place, we do not imperil the safety of any helpless people or nation. If we fail, at least there will be no series of military executions and massacres to commemorate England's

failure. The consequences of our policy recoil upon ourselves, if we have miscalculated our strength, or mistaken our position; others will reap the benefit of it if we succeed. In the second place, there is parity between the means employed and the end in view. A sufficient force is employed to overcome the resistance which may be expected. It was the Duke of Wellington who said that he never would risk a great battle, unless compelled, save with reasonable certainty of success. Now, although this may not appear a sufficiently high-flown idea to meet the exigencies of romance, at least it is a more practical one—a notion far more calculated to maintain the existence of States, and to guard them against dire calamity. It is very true that we are not rousing an unarmed multitude to contend against disciplined troops, prepared with all the munitions of war, but we have better chances of obtaining our ends than the gentlemen who see fit to adopt that course for the liberation of Europe. In the third place, we have the direction of the measures—of course in conjunction with our great ally—upon which the success of the operations must depend. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of this consideration, for we more than suspect that the fierce declaimers who have so abused us for withholding the "moral" support of England in the hour of their need would have dealt in a strange manner indeed with the resources England might have placed at their disposal when the hour came for discounting ideas into reality.

The Kings, and the Ministers of Kings, who have so freely abused us can scarcely hope that the chapter of the "subsidies" has been torn out of the history of England, or blotted from the recollection of Englishmen. The nations, too, must forgive us if we refuse to entrust the honour of our country to the keeping of the first severe and sallow man who chooses to dub himself the archpriest of a particular people. We have not forgotten the nature of the support our troops met with during the Peninsular War from the people whose freedom they were endeavoring to purchase with their blood. We have not forgotten the history of our failures in South and Central America, in the Spanish Peninsula, and in the modern kingdom of Greece. The simple truth is, that a stranger's hand cannot manufacture freedom and send it home to the first customer who may desire it—on credit—as he would a penny-roll. If you free a people from the dominion of their masters when they are not able to win that freedom for themselves, you do so at the expense of succeeding to the masters you have displaced. That is the law of nature and the tradition of history. Freedom is a plant of home growth; it cannot be imported from abroad and acclimated; the action of a people must be upon the pathway of their own destiny. Voe to themselves and those they would benefit, if they mistake the feebleness of the stranger for their own strength.

THE PARLIAMENTARY RECESS.

(From the Times.)

It is now the depth of the recess, and there is a trace to the war of parties: our statesmen and politicians are scattered over the earth, intent upon lakes, and mountains, and waterfalls, and glaciers, and medieval cities, and picture galleries, or wherever health or curiosity may lead them. Even the most regular and industrious of our readers are picking up pebbles from the sea-shore, and listening to the wave as it slowly breaks on the shingle, or still more feebly on the sand. The war and the cholera are all they talk about. Listen as they walk by, and you hear the familiar words, "Granite" and "Bournemouth." Happily these topics are enough, perhaps rather too much, and nobody wants any more exciting. Such is the repose under which the whole of the political, the educated, and the reading world lies. Its very dispersion renders it incapable of acting, and throws into a species of trance the greatest part of that influence and pressure which is supposed to tell most on the Government of this country. But there is one source of power, one great lever, one class commonly supposed to have received of late years a vast accession of privilege and potentiality, that is neither scattered, nor resting, nor at the sea shore, nor under any change of circumstances whatever; but precisely as it was in the session, and as it has been, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, these 20 years. The people at large—the operative and small tradesman class—is still at its post. It is never out of harness, except when the day's work or the week's work is over. Those masses that we used to hear so much of—those great cities that able writers have invested with a sort of divinity—those £10 householders whom we have summoned to the election of our rulers—are still under arms. This organisation is unbroken and incessant. They still assemble in their clubs, resort to their mechanics' institutions, and peruse their favourite papers. They are never at any time much enfeebled by dissipation, distracted by amusement, or diverted by the pursuits of philosophy and art. It just occurs to us, very naturally, to ask what they are about? What agitations are they engaged in,—what schemes, what suggestions are they offering for the improvement of their class or the honour of the nation? Has the war any chance of a more successful prosecution, or the cholera a speedier abatement, from the wisdom and public spirit of this class of advisers? Are they doing as much for themselves as even the philanthropists, whom they least esteem, are doing for them? Are they holding meetings, or combining—or doing anything, in fact—for the general good, and for the better management of their common concerns?

We wish it were otherwise, but the only answer to be made for the popular class in this country is the same that must be made for the corresponding class in many other countries—its topics of excitement are few and, perhaps, the very last topics to rouse it are those that relate to its own social improvement. We must not look to this class for much assistance in obtaining better health, greater cleanliness, purer amusements, higher sources of pleasure, or more space for air and recreation. They don't trouble themselves about the adornment of those overgrown cities in which their lives are necessarily spent. They ask for half-holidays, but they take no steps to find a good use for them. They see the mansions of their employers, and the broad streets and spacious squares in which they are situated, but they take no steps to procure the like breadth and space for their own quarters. They see, not without a very natural envy, the gardens and parks to which they scarcely take the trouble to ask for the like—less they demand it as a right than the Legislature, and consent to the slight rates that would be necessary for the purpose. They see the cholera slowly approaching the island, then invading their cities, or making a sudden outbreak in the adjoining street, and yet they leave to other heads the whole labour of resisting the common foe. They will combine for higher wages, for shorter hours, for a political franchise which, in most cases, is a mere name, for the extinction of a few obnoxious sinecures, or

the cutting down of a few salaries—for almost anything that may assume the form of a question between the lower and the higher classes; but they will not concern themselves for their own substantial benefits. We are convinced, indeed, how can it be otherwise?—almost any sensible artisan, who, in the warmth of his heart, and his natural desire to raise his class and advance justice and truth, has lent a hand in all the popular agitations of his class, will feel very acutely in the decline of his days that he has, so far, made a very unprofitable use of his time. He will see that he has been grasping at a shadow. Political privilege, indeed, is not a mere shadow. A man is something more for having a voice in the affairs of his country or his town; and even if he is seldom called upon to exercise his right, still his influence tells untold. But privilege is reduced to a shadow when its possessor rests content with the barren possession, or applies it only to the perpetration of those feuds that very naturally rise out of the denial of right. There are evils that attend the exclusion of the popular classes from political and municipal privileges. There are evils that rise out of the contest for those rights. There are evils, also, that rise from the first raw and inexperienced possession of them—from the flush of triumph—from the mere ignorance of the possessors. It is now a quarter of a century since the people of England, in the widest political sense hitherto known, were admitted to the citizenship of their country and their cities, and if we ask what they are the better for it, the answer is to be found in two or three political triumphs of much future consequence, rather than in the actual condition of the mass of the people.

Perhaps this somewhat gloomy view may be taken too much from what we want, rather than from what we possess. We shall be told the people are better off than they would have been but for their victories a-quarter of a century since over the oligarchy of a close Parliament, and that the Corn Laws, for example, would not otherwise have been repealed. This we are by no means disputing. But who can look to the metropolis, and the other great cities of the empire, and to the vast populations whose whole life is pent up in that dull and narrow sphere, without lamenting the neglect which has allowed those cities to remain so much as they were—nay, to become so much worse than they were—a quarter of a century ago. There lies before us a map of this metropolis, published in 1828, and it is now exaggeration to say that a whole mile of dwelling-houses has been since added in every direction, adding that much to the dreary wall of any artisan before he can reach a green field. Nor has anything been done to supply within the metropolis that which has been almost destroyed without. That much of the smoke, the dust, the foul air of all sorts, which every wind now brings to every part of this metropolis, and the lungs of every child in it. This is but a sample of the non-improvement, or rather the continual deterioration, of the city inhabited by two millions of people. What substantial gain can we show to justify the noble ardour with which so many noblemen and other patriots urged the reform of the old Parliament? Augustus found his city brick and left it marble. We know what the Reformed Parliament found our cities, and they have left them even less wholesome and agreeable places of residence than they were before. Go to Paris, and see what an absolute will can do for a great city in the improvement of its public edifices, its thoroughfares, its parks, its drainage, and every other feature of a city. Shall it be said that a constitutional Government is necessarily unequal to these works—that political improvement is incompatible with substantial—and that for liberty you must sacrifice health, recreation, beauty, the fine arts, and all that renders life in a city at all tolerable to those who can live elsewhere? This surely would be a very absurd conclusion, and a great admission in favour of the advocates for despotism. No. But it remains for the people—for that people who have won the freedom and privilege, and who desire more—to turn their attention more to the moral and material improvement of their class, and the cities they inhabit, if only to redeem the sacred name of liberty from a needless scandal.

VISIT TO A TURKISH CAS'LE.
We started at ten o'clock, one fine morning, a small party of four, for a stroll through the woods to the castle of Pacha Shafie, a venerable-looking old gentleman, whose acquaintance we had previously made, and who had promised to show us his farm when next we honoured him with a visit. We provided ourselves with sundry bottles of Tenedos wine, one of cognac, some kid-pies, reindeer-tongues, &c., and we took our guns and servants, intending to bivouac under the shade of the tall trees during the heat of the day.

We shot a fine hare, several head of game, and a brown bird very much resembling a bird of paradise, here called a *po po*, which was stuffed on our return to our ship. But shooting is thirsty work, and we looked in vain for a stream of water to cool our wine in; so we thought it our best plan to proceed at once to the pacha's castle, and ask for a jar of water—the exigency of the case being a fair excuse for breaking the noonday repose of the inhabitants. On arriving there, we knocked and shouted very unceremoniously, considering it was at the castle-gate of one of the nobles of the land; but Englishmen do strange things in strange countries. At length the pacha himself answered our summons. Instead of the rich and picturesque vestments in which he had formerly seen him, he now descended in a morning-dress of white linen, and demanded in a surly tone the cause of our intrusion. It was evident that he did not at first recognise me in my shooting-jacket and broad-brimmed sombrero, but he recovered his composure on being reminded of our former visit, his own hospitality, and the portrait he had sketched of himself and his pretty little daughter Fatima. He then disappeared, and to our great surprise, returned speedily in full costume—a gorgeous silk dress, with a scarlet sash, a splendid diamond ring, &c. Going through the ceremonies of a courteous reception, he invited us to go in and see the "castello." In we went, accordingly, and all over it he took us. No sign of life was in it at all. He took us into one room full of magnificent Turkish saddlery, and then into another in which he kept his arms. There were some beautiful Turkish scimitars, silver scabbards, with such razor-like blades, that I felt as if my head was off while looking at them. There were also some pistols of rich and curious workmanship, and before the doors in each room hung a verse of the Koran. We ascended by a dark and narrow staircase to the top of the castle, which commanded a fine view of the Dardanelles, and the forts of Sestos and Abydos, so famous in classic story. Upon examination, we saw that we were in a stronghold, a sort of Blue Beard's castle, which idea was rather increased by the report of one of the servants who had been sent down to a trap-door to draw water out of the well, which

was in the centre of the building—that it smelt as if half-a-dozen dead bodies were down there! And there was a strange, distrustful tone about the whole place. There were iron doors to some of the rooms, into which our host did not introduce us, and these, we concluded, were the doors of the harem. The entrance-door was in the centre of the building, some twenty feet from the ground, and the only way to reach it was by passing over a narrow bridge. When this was cut off, the place was inaccessible, for all the windows were small, and iron bars crossed them in every direction.

Having obtained a supply of water, and a vessel for cooling our wine, we proposed adjourning to the fields, to discuss our provisions. We asked our friend the pacha to accompany us, and he promised to join us as we had finished our meal. Under the shade of a broad spreading oak-tree, we arranged our feast, the bread-bags in which we had brought it serving for a table-cloth. As we were reclining upon the grass, the pacha's two wives, closely veiled, and his two children, passed before us, attended by several black slaves, in a sort of procession. They were either going to or returning from the bath. Shortly after, we saw the old pacha himself, with his son, a fine boy of about eight years of age, his little daughter Fatima on a donkey, and a retinue of black eunuchs.

He joined our little party, and sat cross-legged by my side with the little Fatima and his son. Fatima was a lovely creature: she was not in the least shy; she only smiled, and looked inquiringly at me with her large fawn-like eyes when I took her little hand in mine to examine the colouring henna, with which, according to the custom of her country, her fingers were deeply stained. Her eyebrows were made to meet with something that had very much the appearance of burned cork. She had been decorated for the occasion with a turban, in addition to her usual costume. The little boy was clad in richly embroidered silk; and, altogether, I think we must have formed a very picturesque group, with our background of pebbly trees and woodland slopes.

We offered wine to our guest, who he smelt, and then, shaking his head, said with evident disgust: "Senatemi, signore, the Prophet has denied it; the Mussulman may not taste of the juice of the grape." But, when we offered him brandy, his eyes sparkled, and he tossed off about half a tumbler of it raw, although we recommended water with it; and then he took another, and then another, and another pull at the same generous liquor, until he ended by finishing the bottle—a feat he accomplished before he had been cross-legged an hour and a half. Of course, he became very "royal" and very amusing. In a short time, the stateliness of the old Turk had quite departed. He sang and danced; slapped me repeatedly on the thigh, which he made to sound again, and which seemed a favourite amusement with him; then, all at once, making a dash at me, he would have bestowed on me a most affectionate kiss, had I not cried out to stop him, exclaiming: "Take him off! take him off!" upon which he turned his polite attention to another of our party, who, however, pulled the old pacha's beard so hard that he at length desisted. The old Turk had been a soldier in his youth; and his military glory, the ruling passion in grog, returning upon him, he seized a loaded gun which lay beside us, and began to figure away with it. But when he came to the word "Present," I made a rush and dispossessed it of its cap, and then I did not care, but fell in with him, with my stick shouldered; and we marched up and down together, calling out our different words of command, to the great amusement of our friends.

But the sun began to get low in the sky, and little Fatima grew tired, and cried to go home; so I took hold of one of the old pacha's arms, my friend seized the other, and between us we almost carried the old ruffian home, for walk he could not. He would have inflicted on me another drunken kiss, but being a little man, could not reach me, and I was easily able to ward off his polite intentions in that way. Arrived at the castle-gate, he shouted loudly, and out came slaves, black and white, and children too, and much they marvelled to see the old Turk drag us all after him into the old den again. The eunuchs being very tenacious of admitting Giansou under the same roof with their wives, the Giansous were wicked enough to wish to see these said wives, and presently while the pacha was grinding away on the stairs upon a broken-winded old hand-organ of singular construction, with an attempt at a song, two very pretty heads were thrust out at the iron door he had before noticed. Very young and very beautiful were they, but they quickly disappeared; and when the youngest and most indiscreet of our party, with boy-like curiosity, tried to peep through the key-hole in order to get another glimpse of the fair inmates of the iron-doored chamber, the little mussulman, who, as I said before, was a fine boy of about eight years old, placed himself before it, and shook his fist most vehemently; nor would he move away from the place he had taken upon himself to protect. As Mrs. Blue Beard and sister Anne appeared no more, and their drunken lord did not seem inclined to introduce us to the ladies, we at length beat our retreat, amidst his repeated shouts of "Bravo! bravo! Inglesi! bravo! bravo!"—Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE RESULTS OF THE CHOLERA PANIC.

(From the Weekly Chronicle.)

We are beginning to arrive at a practical explanation of the ravages caused this year by that disease, terrible as the plague, which has smitten all classes of the metropolitan population. The cholera, it was incessantly repeated, was fostered and spread by the defective drainage of London. Many different reasons, no doubt, were alleged, such as the plague-pits—in which we never put much faith; a strange and fatal wind coming from the East, through the South, to our islands; a general decomposition of the soil; and a poisonous spring breaking out at the sources of our great river. Some of these notions, of course, were only received by people who, with equal credence, relied on the next change of the moon; but others had a large acceptance by orders of persons very little inclined to rank themselves among the deluded and the illiterate; and all of them concurred in proving, that when men are suffering from extraordinary calamities, they are willing to trace them to any causes rather than to accuse their own inertness, avarice, or apathy. When, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, signs of the black plague appeared, the inhabitants of London, instead of accurately examining the influences which affected their health, immediately ascribed their danger to the use of sea-coal. They, accordingly, petitioned the king to abolish the use of that fuel, and it was abolished. From that time to this people have been quite ready to reflect upon the mercy and wisdom of Providence as to believe in the slightest dereliction of duty on their own part.

But, after all, the great sorcerer is a Com-

missioner of Sewers. It is not a question of rich neighbourhoods, and poor neighbourhoods, any more than it is one of fast days, or unavailing supplications, since nothing can be more ridiculous or hypocritical than to talk of humbling ourselves, and repenting our sins, if only the cholera pass away from us, while we go up, like the beggarly deputationers from Hammer-smith, and pray the Commissioners not to make us pay a few farthings each for the sake of the public health. It is quite true that the epidemic which has afflicted us is the consequence of a national sin; but that sin is, not preaching in surplises, as the Pope says; not party affairs; not going to war, as the lovers of peace declare; but stinginess combined with indolence; for from the union of these two prolific causes have sprung the whole brood—indecent, dirt, and nuisance, generating typhus, cholera, and putrid fever, which annually cut off thousands of victims.

It has been discovered, then, that the bad drainage of London is the main source of cholera. What, however, have the Commissioners been doing? Where have the myriads of guineas gone that have yearly disappeared under statistics of sewerage? The truth is, that many sewers have been constructed and never used. When we say this, we by no means imply that those who have constructed them have been idle, ignorant, and grasping; but the point we now wish to consider, refers to those districts in which, we repeat, great sewers have been constructed and never used.

It appears that the authorities have had power to construct a sewer down the middle of a street—a capacious, arched hollow, enough to carry off everything that could be deposited in it. But it has been quite optional with the inhabitants and landlords on both sides of the line whether they would drain their houses into this main sewer or not. Accordingly, the landlords have had to choose between a little expenditure and the wholesale murder of their tenants. They have, in most instances, preferred the latter. In the very district of Golden-square, where so many and such awful deaths have taken place, there are streets in which not one in twenty of the dwellings has a drain running into the public sewer. The inmates live like Egyptians, until their situation has been so disgraceful that it is impossible to describe it. We shall be understood, however, when we say that these houses become, week by week, the choked and bursting storehouses of cholera; many of the lower floors were flooded from the drains; gaping pits emitted their stench in the courtyards; several families in each building lived in a state of familiar and harmonious filth; and—for we must not shrink from stating the disgusting truth—there were houses in that neighbourhood that actually drained into the open street! Can anything more revolting be imagined? Could civilised persons remain in such a condition? But it was not their fault, for the landlords of the locality were they whose cupidity suffered these obscene and horrid circumstances to continue. It is impossible, and would be improper to allow a fastidious horror of these details to prevent us from giving publicity to them; but it is unnecessary to amplify upon a topic which our reader's experience will allow him to illustrate for himself. What we have said is enough, if we add that these places are still undrained; and that the owners of houses will not offer to drain them. The question remains, then, whether or not they can be compelled to do so?

On this point, we have no doubt whatever. It will first be necessary to fix a rate to be levied in each parish, in proportion to its necessities, for the sake of carrying an efficient sewer along every street, and every inhabited thoroughfare whatever. The next measure is to give notice, imperatively, to the landlord of every house, that, unless the dwelling be found to be not only drained, but well drained, he must undertake at once to drain it, and on his failing to do so, within a certain period, the Commissioners ought to perform the work themselves, and compel him to pay all expenses. Of course, a man who resisted this process could not do so effectually; because his house would be a security for the cost of the undertaking. We believe that the Public Health Act gives authority for such proceedings; though, unfortunately, it is optional with parishes whether or not they should enforce its provisions; but these options must not stand in the way. Drains are wanted; and they must be had.

Of course there are those who will consider these proposals very arbitrary. To such individuals they may sound like the maxims of a Pashalik, rather than as ideas applicable to the constituencies of London. In fact, there have been heard voices protesting, in the name of constitutional principles, against such an invasion of individual right. But if men will argue on the Constitution in a sewer, we are quite willing to follow them, and to affirm that the spirit of the most liberal laws is quite consonant with a plan of legislation which would force every owner of a house to construct, at his personal expense, proper drains into the public sewer. Nor shall we on this subject quote the old sophism, that laws are, in their nature, abridgments of individual liberty. The laws of those States which are most free do not circumscribe, but equalise, the liberties of individuals—that is, they provide that no man shall be at liberty to injure another, which is equivalent to perfect freedom, since, in a nation with such laws, literally carried out, no despotic influences could exist. It is not supposed arbitrary or unjust to forbid the erection of a powder magazine in a crowded locality; but is there more danger in a powder magazine than in the *des census averti* of Golden-square? The possessors of property, when they refuse to perform a duty—such as that of preventing their houses becoming centres of a contagious plague—are brigands who deserve no mercy; and who, after sufficient warning, ought to forfeit the tenements which, in their hands, become a public pest and curse. To say that a man's house is his castle, which he may drain or not, as he pleases, is equivalent to saying that he might, if he choose, fill it from floor to roof with dead animals, and allow them to decay; as if Guy Fawkes had a perfect right to blow up the Parliament Houses above, because he had paid rent for the cellars below. We want no "absolute will" to check these savage applications of what is in reality a principle, not of freedom, but of feudalism; since the rights and liberties which are declared in the theory of our laws are enough, if the executive authority will defend them, to guard against those selfish proprietors who think their miserable rents too precious to be reduced, for the sake of saving London from those ghastly and terrible scenes which, during two nights this autumn, filled a neighbourhood with pallid and frantic women and men rushing for help while their relatives were expiring in tortures. But a landlord sometimes thinks that because his tenants pay him, he may poison them. We think not, and that's where we and the landlords differ.

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